

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Nasty World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back,"

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance

TWELFTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1897.

NUMBER 42.

Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily.	No. 5. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington	10 00 am	4 35 pm
Avon	9 31 am	3 55 pm
Winchester	9 10 am	2 25 pm
Fairlie	8 54 am	2 00 pm
Indian Flds	8 37 am	1 10 pm
Clay City	8 19 am	11 40 am
Stanton	8 10 am	11 20 am
Filson	7 55 am	10 48 am
Dundee	7 43 am	10 17 am
Nat. Bridge	7 38 am	10 07 am
Torrent	7 24 am	9 35 am
Beatty's Jc	7 03 am	8 25 am
Three Forks	6 53 am	8 00 am
Athol	6 32 am	7 18 am
Elkatawa	6 08 am	6 30 am
Jackson	6 00 am	6 10 am

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 2. Daily.	No. 6. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington	2 20 pm	6 30 am
Avon	2 47 pm	7 08 am
Winchester	3 07 pm	8 10 am
Fairlie	3 21 pm	8 54 am
Indian Flds	3 37 pm	9 24 am
Clay City	3 55 pm	11 45 am
Stanton	4 05 pm	12 10 pm
Filson	4 18 pm	12 41 pm
Dundee	4 32 pm	1 15 pm
Nat. Bridge	4 37 pm	1 26 pm
Torrent	4 51 pm	2 00 pm
Beatty's Jc	5 16 pm	3 05 pm
Three Forks	5 26 pm	3 25 pm
Athol	5 48 pm	4 12 pm
Elkatawa	6 12 pm	5 05 pm
Jackson	6 20 pm	5 20 pm

Nos. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & O. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

J. D. LIVINGSTON,

Vice Pres. and Gen. Man.

CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.



UNTIL

NOVEMBER 1st.

Our \$ 5.00 Watches at \$ 3.00
" 8.00 " 6.00
" 10.00 " 7.00
" 20.00 " 15.00
" 100.00 " 75.00

FINE DIAMOND RINGS
\$7.50 and upward.

GOOD VALUES

—AT—

\$10.00 and upward.

Alarm Clocks, at 90c. and upward.
Fine Clocks, at \$3.50 and upward.

A line of Sterling Silver and
Plated Ware suitable for Wed-
ding Gifts at proportionately
low prices.

FRED J. HEINTZ,
135 E. MAIN STREET,
Near P. O. LEXINGTON, KY.

BEST IN QUANTITY. BEST IN QUALITY.

WORMS!
WHITE'S CREAM
VERMIFUGE
FOR 20 YEARS
Has led all WORM Remedies.
EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Prepared by
RICHARDSON MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS.

A. TAULBEE, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Surgery and obstetrics a specialty

T. COLVIN,
WITH
RIMBLE BROTHERS,
Wholesale Grocers,
T. STERLING, KY.

MRS. HENRY

WIELDS A REGULAR DAMASCUS
BLADE.

DISSECTING WITH RARE SKILL
THE SHAM CLAIMS

OF THE GOLD BUG PRESS AND
THE AMERICAN SHYLOCKS.

A Splendid Exposition of the Shallow
Claims Made For the Gold Stan-
dard, and Of the Misery
Wrought By It.

This is the most tragic New
Year's day that ever dawned upon
the American people.

No one dare predict what the
future holds.

Old Hard Times has laid his
iron hand on a once prosperous
people and hope has well nigh died
out in the hearts of the struggling
millions.

The election of Mr. McKinley
has settled nothing, nor can his
administration bring any relief
through any policy the Republic-
ans propose.

Those familiar with the history
of our country are bound to admit
that we are now suffering from the
severest financial depression of the
century.

Nothing is plainer than the fact
that our financial calamity is due
to the scarcity of money in the
hands of the masses.

The "hard times" of other pe-
riods produced social distress, but
the single gold standard, which
has thrust its fangs into the heart
of labor, has brought upon us so-
cial destitution.

We have always had a labor
struggle, but this is a labor crisis.
In this dire extremity, a strange
fact is before us.

While thousands are shoeless,
the factories are filled with shoes.

While the people are without
bread, the warehouses are filled
with wheat.

While the laboring classes are
in rags, the shelves of the mer-
chant are crowded with clothing.

While thousands are tramping
the highways and sleeping in the
streets or lanes, our towns and cit-
ies are filled with houses to let.

The dark time is upon us because
our country is staggering under
the ill-balanced weight of its great
wealth. This terrible financial
stringency is bringing about the
collapse of the industrial world.

Merchants are pushed to the
verge of assignment.

Bankruptcies and sheriff's sales
palsy the heart of trade.

Goods are sold for a song, "cut
down," "slaughtered," "sacrificed."

The Shylock poverty is pursuing
our people with such desperation
that a frenzy of suicide, murder,
riot and robbery is sweeping over
our land.

The columns of our press are
drenched with the blood of the vic-
tims of the single gold standard,
and we are having practical proof
of what Mr. Carlisle predicted
(when he was a silver man) if a
single gold standard were estab-
lished. That it would "entail
more misery on the human race
than war, pestilence and famine."

India bears testimony to this
prediction today by its starving
millions who are forced to despair
and death by brutal England, who
extorts the life-blood of her Indi-
an colonies to maintain her single
gold standard.

The United States is England's
victim, too.

The money kings are making
desperate efforts to hold up the
sinking ship.

"Prosperity" and "confidence"
are the most overworked words in
the dictionary.

The talk about Republican pol-
icy bringing good times is all chaff,
and an insult to common intelli-
gence.

Since the election of Mr. McKin-
ley there have been more failures
in aggregate amount than ever be-
fore in the history of the country
in sixty days.

Banks are on financial quick-
sands.

The failure of the National Bank
of Illinois has dragged down with
it a score or more of banks and
firms, involving millions.

The clearing house of Chicago is
guaranteeing payment of 75 cents
of claims properly proven against
the concern, and New York is rush-
ing currency to Chicago to hold up
business.

In the face of all this disaster,
there are a lot of men with patch-
ed trousers, and not enough food
to keep their families from hun-
ger, talking about a revision of the
tariff, the single gold standard,
and "sound money."

We are not so foolish as to charge
all our people who are suffering to
Mr. McKinley. But we put this
pointed question: How can Mr.
McKinley make grapes grow on
thorn bushes?

How can Mr. McKinley give this
country prosperity by pursuing the
same financial policy that has been
advocated and carried to its logical
conclusion by his two predecessors,
Benjamin Harrison and Grover
Cleveland?

The American farmer has a bur-
den upon him today of \$1,900,000,-
000, which means that he must dig
enough out of the ground to pay
fifty-three millions interest, year-
ly, on the debt.

Translate that into real things:
How many weary hours of toil?
How much self-denial? How many
farmers' children must go without
the comforts of life and education?
How many farmers' wives must go
insane because they are worked be-
yond their strength? Farmers are
committing suicide in all sections
because they see no hope of paying
the mortgages on their lands.

We talk about the German stand-
ing army as an enormous burden
upon that nation. Its cost is one
hundred and sixteen millions every
year. It will be well for us to re-
alize the magnitude of our own
burden.

Our single gold standard put
upon the shoulders of the Ameri-
can people a burden three times
as great as that imposed on the
German people to maintain their
standing army.

This is just the size of our money
question.

While the people are suffering
from the greatest money famine in
the history of the country, and we
are reaping the greatest harvest of
poverty, crime and death by vio-
lence; when seven hundred banks
have failed in less than twelve
months, and the outlook is that
double that number will go under
the coming year, Comptroller Eck-
les, with his hand clasped by the
money barons, says: "Bank fail-
ures are more or less disquieting,
but those which have occurred re-
cently have little or no significance
attached to them."

Such talk as this is thrown out
by the gold press, while the "pound
of flesh" fraternity are gleefully
rubbing their hands while the
American people are taking an
object lesson of bankruptcy and
blighting poverty which is robbing
the human heart of hope.

No policy can relieve our debt-
ridden people but an increase of
money.

Not \$8 per capita is afloat among
our people today. The business of
the country needs and should de-
mand at least \$60 per capita, and
we can under no other policy have
a return of prosperity.

Kentucky should do her duty in
this extremity. The money ques-
tion should be forced to first place
before the people.

Democrats should be on guard
for the legislative battle next No-
vember and see to it that silver
men are sent to the general assem-
bly, so that a senator may be elect-
ed to the United States senate who
will battle for the rights of our
oppressed people.

There can be no prosperity un-
der a gold standard, and during
the next four years there will be
universal shrinkage in values and
reduction in salaries.

We are learning in the hard
school of experience. Will we profit
by the dear lesson?

If the money sharks are much
longer permitted to ply their nefa-
rious trade in human misery, they
will establish an empire on the
ruins of the republic.

If the men of this nation can
not avert this impending calamity
call American women to the ballot
box and we will help you maintain
your rights and liberties.—Joseph-
ine K. Henry, in Lexington Argon-
aut.

The Only Way.

One of our merchants in his
advertisement said "let's all try
and keep business at home in
1897." There is only one way this
can be done and that is for the
merchant to price his goods right
and judiciously advertise them
and in all instances make the
goods and prices back up the
advertisement. Some of our mer-
chants have begun to "keep the
trade at home" by dropping out
their advertisements. Result:
The newspaper is forced to go to
Lexington for ads to save his own
bacon, and hence, the trade goes
away from home. If the home
merchant would utilize all of the
home paper's space, the newspaper
would not be compelled to seek
support elsewhere, and a big bulk
of the trade that now goes to Lex-
ington would remain at home.—
Nicholasville Democrat.

Cure For La Grippe.

For the benefit of the many who
are suffering with the grip, we re-
produce the following special from
Galveston, Texas, to the St. Louis
Globe-Democrat: Mayor Fly has
had published a letter from St.
Ignace, Mich., suggesting a vigor-
ous rubbing of all parts of the
body with warm turpentine as a
cure for the grip. The Michigan-
der says it will cure in 24 hours,
and that no medicine should be
taken. Many persons who tried
the remedy are apparently as well
as well as ever.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN
or women to travel for responsible es-
tablished house in Kentucky. Salary \$750,
payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position
permanent. Reference. Enclose self-ad-
dressed envelope. The National Star Building,
Chicago.

DISTRESSING

That a Man Should Be Forced to
Beg for His Own.

Being in absolute and urgent
need of every cent due me, that I
may meet my own indebtedness, I
have been, and am still, sending
statements to all who are in ar-
rears to THE HERALD. While the
amount in each case is small the
sum in the aggregate would enable
me to meet my own obligations
and at the same time greatly im-
prove THE HERALD for the coming
year. I hope, therefore, that each
and every person so addressed will
promptly answer my appeal. All
who do not do so within 80 days
will have their names taken from
the list and find their accounts in
the hands of a Collecting Agency,
THAT WILL COLLECT!

Those who receive the paper in
single wrapper will find X-mark
after the name, which indicates
expiration of time paid for, and
may be verified by the date follow-
ing name.

I hope I offend no one in begging
for my own, for, unless these ap-
peals are promptly answered there
will be deep distress in THE HER-
ALD household.

Wishing all a happy and pros-
perous new year, I remain,

The People's Friend,

SPENCER COOPER.

OPIUM, HABIT, DRUNKENNESS
AND ALL THE VICES OF THE BODY
Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEXINGTON, KY.

YUGATAN, KING OF GUMS.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Tonsil Good. Can
be used in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

A. N. K. - E. 1635

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS
please state that you saw this advertise-
ment in this paper.

ne
rsaparilla.

same old sarsaparilla as it was
ago. In the laboratory it is
applied to the speed to skill
e sarsaparilla is the same old
e record—50 years of cures.
Well, we're much in the
and the raspberry: "Doubt-
light have made a better berry.
never did." Why don't we
We can't. We are using the
cured the Indians and the
been bettered. And since we
ound out of sarsaparilla plant,
vement. Of course, if we were
mical compound, we might...
aking the same old sarsaparilla
diseases. You can tell it's the
ta because it works the same
sovereign blood purifier, and

THIS MORNING

it your own baby or your neighbor's
at drove sweet sleep away? It's all un-
cessary. Cascarets Candy Cathartic,
the taste, mild but effective, stop sour
and colic in babies, and make papa's
ly, tone his intestines and purify his

ASCARETS LIKE CANDY

fume the breath and make things all right all
At your druggist's 10c., 25c., 50c., or mailed
Address:
FALING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO OR NEW YORK.

CANDY
CATHARTIC
CURE CONSTIPATION.

MASK OF DECEIT.

It Covered the Features of the Queen While Pleading for Her Son.

But the Prophet Saw Through Her Disguise—Prayers and Pleadings Were All in Vain—Talmage Sees the Hand of God in Every Happening.

Dr. Talmage draws some startling lessons and tears off the mask of deceit Sunday. The text is I. Kings xiv., 3: "Why feignest thou thyself to be another?"

In the palace of wicked Jeroboam there is a sick child. Medicines have failed; skill is exhausted. Young Abijah, the prince, has lived long enough to become very popular, and yet he must die unless some supernatural aid be afforded. Death comes up the broad stairs of the palace and swings back the door of the sick room of royalty, and stands looking at the dying prince with the dart uplifted. Wicked Jeroboam knows that he has no right to ask anything of the Lord in the way of kindness. He knows that his prayers would not be answered, and so he sends his wife on the delicate and tender mission to the prophet of the Lord in Shiloh. Putting aside her royal attire, she puts on the garb of a peasant woman, and starts on the road. Instead of carrying gold and gems, as she might have carried from the palace, she carries only those gifts which seem to indicate that she belongs to the peasantry—a few loaves of bread and a few cracknels and a cruse of honey. Yonder she goes, hooded and veiled, the greatest lady in all the kingdom, yet passing unobserved. No one that meets her on the highway has any idea that she is the first lady in all the land. She is a queen in disguise. The fact is that Peter the Great, working in the dry docks of Saarlouis, the sailor's hat and the shipwright's ax gave him no more thorough disguise than the garb of the peasant woman gave to the Queen of Tirzah. But the prophet of the Lord saw the deceit. Although his physical eyesight had failed he was divinely illumined, and at one glance looked through the imposition, and he cried out: "Come in, though wife of Jeroboam. Why feignest thou thyself to be another? I have evil tidings for thee. Get thee back to thy house, and when thy feet touch the gate of the city, the child shall die." She had a right to ask for the recovery of her son; she had no right to practice imposition. Broken-hearted now, she started on the way, the tears falling on the dust of the road all the way from Shiloh to Tirzah.

Stand off from all imposition and chicanery. Do not consent to be anybody's dupe, anybody's ally in wickedness, anybody's scapegoat.

The story of the text also impresses me with the fact that royalty sometimes passes in disguise. The frock, the veil, the hood of the peasant woman hid the queenly character of this woman of Tirzah. Nobody suspected that she was a queen or a princess as she passed by, but she was just as much a queen as though she stood in the palace, her robes encrusted with diamonds. And so all around about us there are princesses and queens whom the world does not recognize. They sit on no throne of royalty, they ride in no chariot, they elicit no huzzas, they make no pretense, but by the grace of God they are princesses and they are queens. Sometimes in their poverty, sometimes in their self-denial, sometimes in their hard struggles of Christian service—God knows they are queens; the world does not recognize them. Royalty passing in disguise. Kings without the crown, conquerors without the palm, empresses without the jewel. You saw her yesterday on the street. You saw nothing important in her appearance, but she is regnant over a vast realm of virtue and goodness—a realm vaster than Jeroboam ever looked at. You went down into the house of destitution and want and suffering. You saw the story of trial written on the wasted hand of the mother, on the pale cheeks of the children, on the empty bread tray, on the fireless hearth, on the broken chair. You would not have given a dollar for all the furniture in the house. But by the grace of God she is a princess. The overseers of the poor come there and discuss the case and say, "It's a pauper." They do not realize that God has furnished for her a crown, and that after she has got through the fatiguing journey from Tirzah to Shiloh and from Shiloh back to Tirzah, there will be a throne of royalty on which she shall rest forever. Glory veiled. Affluence hidden. Eternal raptures hushed up. A queen in mask. A princess in disguise.

When you think of a queen you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or Maria Theresa of Germany, or Mary Queen of Scots. When you think of a queen you think of a plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked arm-in-arm—sometimes to the Thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always side by side, soothing your little sorrows and adjusting your little quarrels, listening to your evening prayer, toiling with the needle or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights tucking you up snug and warm. And then on that dark day when she lay a-dying, putting those thin hands that had toiled for you so long, putting them together in a dying prayer commending you to that God in which she had taught you to trust. O, she was the queen—she was the queen! You can not think of her now without having the deepest emotions of your soul stirred, and you feel as if you could cry as though you were now sitting in infancy on her lap, and if you could call her back to speak your name with the tenderness with which she once spoke, you would be willing now to throw yourself on the sod that covers her grave, crying "Mother, mother!" Ah! she was the queen. Your father knew it. You knew it. She was the queen, but the queen in disguise. The world did not recognize it.

But there was a grander disguising. The favorite of a great house looked out of the window of his palace and saw that the people were carrying heavy burdens, and that some of them were hobbling on crutches, and he saw some lying at the gate exhibiting their sores, and then he heard their lamentation; and he said: "I will just put on the clothes of those poor people, and I will go down and see what their sorrows are, and I will sympathize with them, and I will be one of them, and I will help them." Well, the day came for him to start. The lords of the land came to see him off. All who could sing joined in the parting song, which shook the hills and woke up the shepherds. The first few nights he has been sleeping with the hostler and the camel-drivers, for no one knew there was a king in town. He went among the doctors of the law, astounding them; for without any doctor's gown, he knew more law than the doctors. He was howled at by crazy people in the tombs. He was splashed of the surf of the sea. A pilgrim without any pillow. A sick man without any medicament. A mourner with no sympathetic bosom in which he could pour his tears. Disguise complete, I know that occasionally His divine royalty flashed out, as when in the storm on Galilee, as in the red wine at the wedding banquet, as when He freed the shackled demoniac of Gadara, as when He turned a whole school of fish into the net of the discouraged boatmen, as when He throbbed life into the shriveled arm of the paralytic; but for the most part He was in disguise. No one saw the King's jewels in His plain coat. No one saw the royal robe in His plain coat. No one knew that that shelterless Christ owned all the mansions in which the hierarchs of Heaven had their habitation. None knew that that hungered Christ owned all the olive groves, and all the harvests which shook their gold on the hills of Palestine. No one knew that He who said "I thirst" poured the Euphrates out of His own chal-

ice. No one knew that the ocean lay in the palm of His hand like a dewdrop in the vase of a lily. No one knew that the stars, and moons, and suns, and galaxies, and constellations that marched on age after age, were as compared with His lifetime, the sparkle of a firefly on a summer night. No one knew that the sun in midheaven was only the shadow of His throne. No one knew that His crown of universal dominion was covered with a bunch of thorns. Omnipotence sheathed in a human body. Omniscience hidden in a human heart. Everlasting harmonies subdued into a human voice. Royalty en masque. Grandeur of Heaven in earthly disguise.

My subject also impresses me with how people put on masks, and how the Lord tears them off. It was a terrible moment in the history of this woman of Tirzah when the prophet accosted her, practically saying: "I know who you are; you can not cheat me; you can not impose upon me; why feignest thou to be another?" She had a right to ask for the restoration of her son; she had no right to practice that falsehood. It is never right to do wrong. Sometimes you may be able to conceal an affair; it is not necessary to tell everything. There is a natural pressure to the lips which seem to indicate that silence sometimes is right; but, for double dealing, for moral shuffling, for counterfeiting, and for sham, God has nothing but anathema and exposure. He will tear off the lie. He will rip up the empiricism. He will scatter the ambush. There are people who are just ready to be duped. They seem to be waiting to be deceived. They believe in ghosts; they saw one themselves once. They heard something strange in an uninhabited house. Going along the road one night, something approached them in white and crossed the road. They would think it very disastrous to count the number of carriages at a funeral. They heard in a neighbor's house something that portended death in the family. They say it is a sure sign of evil if a bat fly into the room on a summer night, or they see the moon over the left shoulder. They would not for the world undertake any enterprise on Friday, forgetful of the fact that if they look over the calendar of the world they will see that Friday has been the most fortunate day in all the history of the world.

As near as I can tell, looking over the calendar of the world's history, more grand, bright, beautiful things have happened on Friday than any other day of the week. They would not begin anything on Friday. They would not for the world go back to the house for anything after they had once started. Such people are ready to be duped. Ignorance comes along, perhaps in the disguise of medical science, and carries them captive; for there are always men who have found some strange and mysterious weed in some strange place, and plucked it in the moonshine, and then they cover the board face with the advertisements of "elixir," and "panaceas," and "Indian mixtures," and "ineffable cataplasms," and "unfailing disintegrants," and "lightning salves," and "instantaneous ointments," enough to stun and searify and poultice and kill half the race. They are all ready to be wrought upon by such impositions. Ah! my friends, do not be among such dupes. Do not act the part of such persons as I have been describing. Stand back from all chicanery, from all imposition. They who practice such imposition shall be exposed in the day of God's indignation. They may rear great fortunes, but their dapple grays will be arrested on the road some day, as was the ass by the angel of God with drawn sword. The light of the last day will shine through all such subterfuges, and with a voice louder than that which accosted this imposition of the text: "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam, why feignest thou to be another?"—with a voice louder than that, God will thunder down into midnight darkness and doom and death all two-faced men, and all jockeys, and all swindlers. Behold how the people put on the masks, and behold how the Lord tears them off!

My subject also impresses me with how precise and accurate and particular are God's providences. Just at the moment that woman entered the city the child died. Just as it was prophesied, so it turned out, so it always turns out. The event occurs, the death takes place, the nation is born, the despotism is overthrown at the appointed time. God drives the universe with a stiff rein. Events do not just happen so. Things do not go slipshod. In all the book of God's providences there is not one "if." God's providences are never caught in dishabille. To God there are no surprises, no disappointments and no accidents. The most insignificant event flung out in the ages is this connecting link between two great chains—the chain of eternity past and the chain of eternity to come. I am no fatalist, but I should be completely wretched if I did not feel that all the affairs of my life are in God's hand, and all that pertains to me and mine, just as certainly as all the affairs of this woman of the text, as this child of the text, were in God's hand. You may ask me a hundred questions I can not answer, but I shall until the day of my death believe that I am under the unerring care of God; and the Heavens may fall, and the world may burn, and the judgment may thunder, and eternal ages may

roll, but not a hair shall fall from my head, not a shadow shall drop on my path, not a sorrow shall transfix my heart without being divinely arranged—arranged by a loving, sympathetic Father. He bottles our tears, he catches our sorrows, and to the orphan He will be a Father and to the widow He will be a husband, and to the outcast He will be a home, and to the most miserable wretch that this day crawls up out of the ditch of his abomination crying for mercy. He will be an all-pardoning God. The rocks shall turn gray with age, and the forests shall be unmoored in the last hurricane, and the sun shall shut its fiery eyelid, and the stars shall drop like blasted tigs, and the continents shall go down like anchors in the deep, and the ocean shall heave its last groan and lash itself with expiring agony, and the world shall wrap itself in a winding sheet of flame and leap on the funeral pyre of the judgment day; but God's love shall not die. It will kindle its suns after all other lights have gone out. It will be a billowy sea after the last ocean has swept itself away. It will warm itself by the fire of a consuming world. It will sing while the archangel's trumpet is pealing forth and the air is filled with the crash of broken sepulchers and the rush of the wings of the rising dead. Oh, may God comfort all this people with this Christian sentiment.

A "QUID" OF TOBACCO.

How a Small Thing Stopped Operations on a Great War Ship.

Lieut. Emile Duboe tells an amusing story of an event, which, he says, certainly led to the downfall of hydraulic machinery in the French service. A few years ago the authorities of a great shipbuilding firm were very much perturbed when the trials for turning the turrets of a new battle ship, in the presence of the committee appointed to take over the ship, were failures. A day or two before everything had gone satisfactorily. But now the turret, after some slight movements, stuck fast. The gauges indicated the normal pressure; there was nothing wrong with the turret or with the racks for rotating it; there was no perceptible leak in any of the pipes, and it was so impossible to assign any reason for the behavior of the turret that the committee had to go home without seeing it revolve. That evening and the following day a complete overhaul was made of the system of piping, and it was then discovered that one small but important pipe was completely choked by a "quid" of chewed tobacco, which a workman had doubtless let fall into it inadvertently. When this was removed the turret worked as well as ever, but the disquietude caused by the want of success of the day before was only increased when it was discovered how insignificant the cause had been. From that day the naval authorities decided that in future wherever practicable the power for battle ship operations should be carried by a wire instead of a steam pipe.

STOOD BY HER RIGHTS.

How a Woman Lawyer Had the Last Word.

The woman lawyer slammed a pile of briefs down before the judge, according to the New York Herald, and said: "I move to discharge the prisoner on the ground that the prosecution have not proved their case and that the evidence is irrelevant and immaterial." "Motion granted," said the judge. "No more dastardly outrage was ever perpetrated," began the lawyer, "than the incarceration of this, my innocent client. He was engaged in the pursuit of his daily vocation, when the strong arm of the law descended upon him. He—"

"Madam," said the judge, "have I not already told you that your motion was granted? The prisoner is discharged." "He was a man without guile," continued the fair counselor. "He supported his family as best he could. He was in the midst of his family circle when a minion of the law entered and demanded his immediate incarceration."

"I have already decided in your favor, madam, as I have told you twice," drawled the judge. "What more do you want?" "What more do I want, indeed?" cried the woman lawyer, her face flushing to a crimson hue. "Why, I want to argue this case. I stand on my constitutional right as a woman to have the last word, and I mean to have it." And she did.

THERE are now 53 consulates which the president can fill by appointment, with salaries ranging from \$3,000 to \$9,000. The greater part of them, however, pay but \$3,000. Under the new regulations regarding fees, the value of leading consularships has been greatly reduced. The consul general at London has been getting, it is said, about \$20,000, but by the Cleveland regulations the position will be worth only about \$10,000 a year. All the other choice consulships have been cut down one-half.

THE statue of Harriet Beecher Stowe, to be erected in Hartford, will be the third statue to women in this country. The first one is in New Orleans, to a woman who was a heroine during a fearful epidemic there. The other is of Emma Willard, and stands in Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—William Alvord has just been elected president of the Bank of California at San Francisco for the nineteenth time.

—L. Goldstein, of West Bowdoin, Me., speaks and writes ancient and modern Hebrew, Greek, Polish, Swedish, Latin, German, French, Italian, Russian, Chinese and English. Yet he finds contentment as a common peddler of tinware.

—A meek husband in Dawsonville, Ga., sought legal separation from his wife on the ground that she had "whipped him in the presence of company." He could endure the whipping in private, but the worm turned when she thrashed him in public.

—A wife in Florence, Mo., having failed in her many efforts to reform her toper husband, tried one more method. She threatened to get drunk every time he did. She did so on one occasion, and he was so disgusted at the sight of her that he has not touched liquor since.

—A precedent interesting to women has been established by the London county court. A lady brought suit against St. George's vestry for damages from the careless driving of a water cart which drew so near the sidewalk that a heliotrope-colored dress worn by her was sprinkled and spoiled. The court awarded her seven guineas.

—Col. Waring is allowed \$3,000,000 to keep the streets of New York city clean the coming year, and nobody is heard complaining. The colonel put in a bill of \$450 for his expenses while traveling abroad last summer and it was allowed by the city comptroller. Col. Waring keeps the streets clean, and that is why he can have nearly everything he wants.

—Mother Goose was born in the year 1665 in the colony of Massachusetts Bay. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. She married Isaac Goose in the year 1693 and a few years later became a member of the Old South church, Boston. The first edition of her melodies (which were originally sung to her grandchildren) was published in Boston in 1716 by her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet. Mother Goose died in 1757.

FRUIT PARINGS PURCHASED.

South Water Street Houses Utilizing All the Waste Matter.

In the economy of life nowadays little, if anything, is lost. Time was when of the hair, hoofs and blood of the thousand cattle killed at the stock yards little was saved. Of all this to-day nothing is wasted. The same economy is practiced on South Water street.

A certain commission man makes it his business to collect the parings of apples; another will pay you for discarded tea leaves; still a third will take your onion peelings, and quite lately a certain firm has offered to buy all the banana skins that were brought in a fair state of preservation to it.

"What can possibly be done with all those things?" the commission man was asked.

"With apple parings," he answered, smiling, "we make a cheap class of jams, which, I assure you, sell very readily in the large department stores. We have one house in this town which makes an exclusive business of drying apples. Formerly its apple parings were all thrown on the dump or burned, and they amounted to several carloads. Now we take them and after cleaning them by a steam process, we cook them and make jams out of them. We pay about a quarter of a cent a pound for them when in a fair state of preservation."

"Used tea leaves are collected also, dried and sent west. There they are mixed up over again with a lot of new crop and they come back to this city and are sold again. The trade in used tea leaves is necessarily small, for the reason that it is exceedingly difficult to collect the leaves. Onion peelings are sold to dyehouses, which extract the juice and use it in their business, and I am told that goods dyed in the boiled juice of onion peelings will never fade."

"Banana skins are dried in an oven and then ground with a mixture of the banana fruit and flour is made out of the lot. This flour is very white and fine. Much of it is used in adulterating starch. You didn't know that, eh? Well, South Water street has a lot of products you never heard of. And butter? I could tell you something about the manufacture of some butters that never smelted of either milk or cream. And strictly fresh eggs that were laid when Cleveland was elected president." And he smiled as he turned to wait on a man who wanted the best "filled" cheese on the market.—Chicago Chronicle.

Why They Are Called Hackneys.

Hackney was the first place where coaches were let on the hire, either by the day or for a passage to London, and although in 1625 there were only 20 such vehicles, in 1734 they had throughout the kingdom accumulated to 900, all which were still denominated Hackney coaches. The horses that drew them, as well as all other hired horses, from the same origin, were termed hackneys.—Chicago Chronicle.

That's Different.

"Who's making all that racket out there? I want some chance to rest and think."

"It's me as is singin'," snapped the autocrat of the kitchen; "and what o' it?"

"O, I beg your pardon. I thought was my wife."—Detroit Free Press.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, Jan. 14, 1897.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce ASA E. PIERATT, of Hazel, as a candidate to represent the Legislative District of Morgan and Wolfe, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

For County Attorney of Morgan.

We are authorized to announce WALTER C. KENDALL as a candidate for the office of County Attorney of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

HERE'S A GOOD THING:

The Hazel Green Herald.....\$1 00
Three-a-Week World.....1 00-\$2 00
Both Papers, One Year.....1 65

HERE'S ANOTHER:

The Hazel Green Herald.....\$1 00
Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer.....1 00-\$2 00
Both Papers, One Year.....1 30

AND STILL ANOTHER:

The Hazel Green Herald.....\$1 00
Louisville Weekly Commercial.....1 00-\$2 00
Both Papers, One Year.....1 25

THIS IS A "CORKER":

The Hazel Green Herald.....\$1 00
Louisville Evening Post.....5 00-\$6 00
Both Papers, One Year.....2 70

YOU CAN'T MISS THIS:

The Hazel Green Herald.....\$1 00
Toledo Weekly Blade.....1 00-\$2 00
Both Papers, One Year.....1 25

JUST LOOK AT THIS:

The Hazel Green Herald.....\$1 00
Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal.....1 00-\$2 00
Both Papers, One Year.....1 50

ANOTHER BARGAIN:

The Hazel Green Herald.....\$1 00
Home & Farm, semi-monthly.....50-\$1 50
Both Papers, One Year.....1 25

This offer is open to new subscribers who pay one year in advance, and to all old subscribers who pay up arrears and one year in advance. Now is the time to subscribe. Send for sample copies.

Any publication in the United States will be furnished in connection with THE HERALD and our subscribers allowed the discount. Address
THE HERALD, Hazel Green, Ky.

The electoral college met at Frankfort last Monday. The contest against Smith (Dem.) was withdrawn, and Wedding was chosen the 18th elector. The ballot resulted: McKinley and Hobart, 12; Bryan and Sewall, 1. Howes, the defeated elector, was chosen messenger to bear the result to Washington.

OTHER candidates for county office in Morgan county would do emulate the example of Walter C. Kendall, who this week announces in THE HERALD. Especially so since this paper has a larger circulation on this side of the county than all the papers in Eastern Kentucky combined. The fee for county announcements is only \$3 in advance, and it will be the best investment any man can make who is seeking the suffrage of his fellow citizens. And now is the time to announce as it will cost no more than later in the season.

UNDER the head of announcements will be found that Walter C. Kendall, who aspires to be county attorney of Morgan county with the approval of the Democratic party. Under no other name would he have it as a gracious gift, even though it were passed him on a silver salver by a liveried servant. "Pomp," as he is familiarly called by his friends, is a Jeffersonian Democrat in practice. His long and intimate acquaintance with litigations in Morgan county, coupled with his knowledge of the law and a fearless determination to see the laws enforced, should enable him, if nominated and elected, to render the county valuable aid as its attorney, and we predict that,

if chosen to the position he seeks, he will fill the bill. He does not pretend to know all the law, but as a business man with years of experience he will be enabled to prosecute in an intelligent manner all cases that may come before him, and at the end of his term "well done, thou good and faithful servant," will be heard from the lips of every law-abiding citizen in that Democratic stronghold. Personally and socially, Pomp is too well known to the people of old Morgan to need an introduction from us and we therefore leave his claims with his constituents, feeling that they will deal justly by him.

THE sound money Democrats of the 23rd judicial district will support the Republican candidates for circuit judge and commonwealth's attorney, and in turn ask them to support a sound money Democrat for state senator, and the Republicans of Wolfe county have agreed to endorse whoever the sound money Democrats may nominate for state senator.

The above is a dispatch from Campton, and one would imagine from reading it that Judge Redwine and A. F. Byrd, esq., as Democratic standard bearers in this judicial district had as well draw in their horns. But a little afterthought will convince anyone that "there's nothing in it." Take for instance this county at the late election as an example: The sound money Democrats cast a total vote of 17, and 16 of these are now so disgusted with themselves for having voted that way that they will be glad to do penance to secure their old positions in the Democratic ranks. And what is true of Wolfe is also true of all the other counties of the district. All the Democratic party has to do is to maintain its organization intact, and David B. Redwine will wear the ermine while A. Floyd Byrd will represent the commonwealth.

MORGAN COUNTY.

Maytown Missiles.

We failed last week to note the return of Day & Co.'s clerk. He is back at his post of duty.

Rev. Frank Thomas, of West Liberty, was visiting friends in town Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Nelly Shumate and little daughter, Pearl, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Mancker.

J. M. Henry is now a citizen of our town, and we are glad to have such accessions as Mr. Henry and family.

John Curtin and Miss Rosa Sample, who have been ill for several days, we are glad to state are much better.

Mr. Sampson has moved into the property he bought of Marion Jones. We extend to him the right of fellowship.

Two of our young ladies, and quite a lot of little boys, took advantage of the beautiful moonlight nights in having a tick-tack party. They use a spool of thread, a tack and a piece of rosin.

We learn that Mr. Gambill, of Hazel Green, has rented property of R. A. Childers and will soon move here and start a blacksmith and wheel shop. If any place ever needed a man that could fill your wagon wheel, it is Maytown.

It is pleasant to note that our young men appreciate the many advantages to be gained from a good education, and are taking advantage of these opportunities. Last week two of our young men entered school—Putnam Patrick to Hazel Green academy, Luther C. Reynolds to Frenchburg academy. R. A. Hoard and E. M. Pieratt went to Hazel Green yesterday preparatory to entering the academy this morning. They were accompanied by G. Y. Lockhart and Misses Lillian Patrick and Eva Hoard. The young ladies returned Sunday evening. We can see very plainly where the young men are right. In 1897 we could have got along with very little education, but it is not so in 1897.

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Jan. 11.

WINGLESS.

Consolation Chat.

Anthony Low is visiting his brother Lark this week.

E. F. Cecil is erecting a new 80 by 40 building over his corn crusher.

Ada Cecil, whose illness was mentioned last week, is able to be up again.

Sherman Elam and wife, of Magoffin, are visiting the family of S. M. Tyler.

Boys, we were glad to read THE HERALD before the election, and now we all have prosperity and confidence is restored to all. But our faithful editor can't have confidence until he gets pay for THE HERALD, so, readers, don't all speak at once.

Your scribe met with the good luck of eating a birthday dinner last Saturday at Rev. J. C. Barker's, and the clock struck 2 before we took our feet from under the table. Then we all talked politics until 11 o'clock at night, and we all agreed but one and he seemed to side with Palmer and Buckner. Repent, ye, therefore.

Jan. 12.

THE DRAKE.

WENEFEE COUNTY.

Rothwell Humblings.

Mrs. W. R. Tabor, who has been confined to her bed with la grippe, is about well again.

Miss Rosa Cobb, daughter of Joe Cobb has pneumonia fever. Dr. Ramey is attending her and reports her better.

C. F. Ringo is quite ill with lung trouble. Dr. Wm. Swango, of Wolfe county, is waiting on him and thinks he can pull him around all right.

On Saturday, the 9th inst., Oscar Kendall, son of Amos Kendall, while out hunting, accidentally shot himself with a double-barreled shot gun. Young Kendall was standing on a stump and carelessly let the gun drop down, the hammer striking the stump and discharging one barrel. The load entered the left side and tore a hole showing the intestines. The shot also went into the left arm. Dr. Ramey was called, who dressed the wound, and says there is little hope of recovery.

On Sunday last, when Bro. Jas. Wilhite was about to pronounce the benediction at church, at Cornwell, A. J. Ringo, J. P. M. C., arose and informed the congregation that before the services were closed he wanted to attend to an important matter. In the dignified manner duly vested in Jack, he said that within the walls of the church house there was waiting a couple who desired to become man and wife. The congregation was small on account of considerable sickness through the country, and all eyes were placed on a few suspicious young couples. Bro. Jack then said, "Let the contracting parties come forward." For a moment all was still as death, then silence was broken by Andy Hanks and Miss Lula Chester walking in the direction of the justice, who with the authority of the law made two hearts to beat as one. Your scribe wishes them many long and happy days.

Jan. 11.

LONGFELLOW.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed envelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago.

We are BADLY OVERSTOCKED

In Every Department.

The Extreme Mild Weather and Warm Winter is the Cause.

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EVERYTHING GOES!

This is the chance of your life to buy Honest Values at Honest Prices. This is no Fake Sale, but genuine reductions.

A FEW SPECIAL REDUCTIONS!

Genuine Never-Rip Corduroy Pants, former price \$4.00, now \$2.50.

Genuine Never-Rip Corduroy Pants, former price \$1.25, now 75c.

Our Best Jeans Pants, former price \$1.25, now 75c.

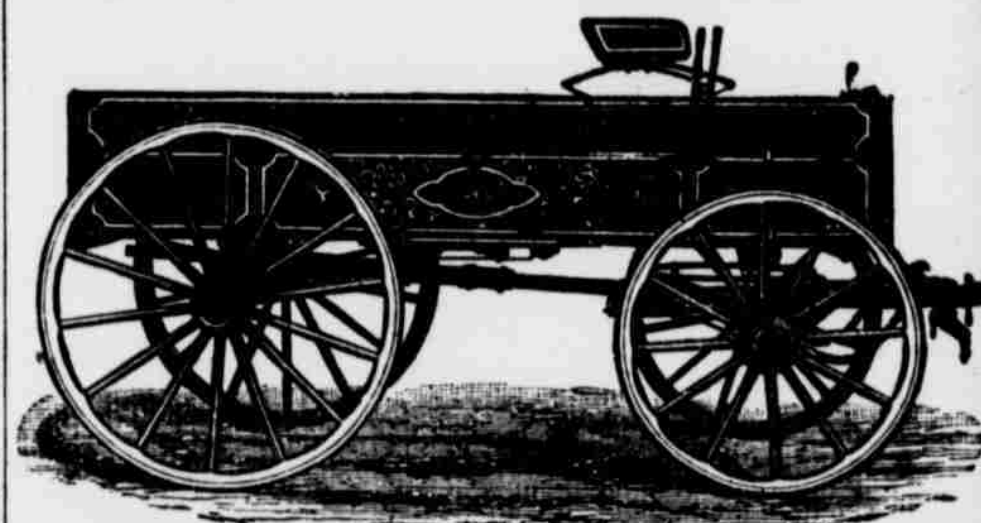
Best Line of Overcoats in the City.

Best Line of Usters in the City.

A Useful Line of Holiday Presents in Every Department.

LOUIS & GUS STRAUS, LEADING CLOTHIERS of KENTUCKY, LEXINGTON, KY.

ROSE & DAVIS PRACTICAL BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON MAKERS, HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.



WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BUILDING FARM and ROAD WAGONS, use the Best Material and Guarantee Satisfaction. Call and get our prices, and when you need anything of the kind give me your order. Patronize Home People, get only Honest Work, and be Happy.

IN THE HORSE SHOEING AND REPAIR DEPARTMENT WE employ only skilled labor, every man being an artist in his specialty, and your work is respectfully solicited.

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H. F. PIERATT, Proprietor.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE DAY HOUSE.

Special care taken of teams for Commercial Travelers. Parties conveyed to any point on liberal terms. Patronage of the public respectfully solicited. H. F. PIERATT.



Bowling Green Business College THE GREAT BUSINESS TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH. A School of Business, Shorthand, Penmanship, Telegraphy & Typewriting. HUNDREDS OF GRADUATES HOLDING FINE POSITIONS. RECOMMENDED BY THE LEADING BUSINESS MEN OF THE COUNTRY. MENTION COURSE WANTED. CATALOGUE & JOURNAL FREE. Cherry Bldg., Bowling Green, Ky.

HANNA'S CAMPAIGN.

How McKinley's Manager Manipulated His Man.

No less respectable a paper than the Philadelphia Press says of the president-elect and his campaign manager:

"There is every reason why Mr. McKinley would naturally turn to Mr. Hanna as one of the main props of the cabinet. In the very nature of the case Mr. Hanna will be a close, trusted and confidential adviser, and it is entirely reasonable on the part of the president-elect to desire that he shall be constantly at hand in the circle of official advisers. The relations between these two conspicuous figures on the national arena."

If Hanna is to be "a close, trusted and confidential adviser" of the next president, it would on some accounts be better that he should be in the official rather than in the "kitchen" cabinet. At the head of a department the country could at least have its eye on him. Publicity is better than secrecy in this matter of "props" to a president.

The "relations" between Hanna and McKinley, as the former understands them, have been sufficiently indicated in his speeches and interviews. He evidently regards himself as the "manager" of the president-to-be, as he was of the candidate. He is to "attend to the inauguration" and boss the administration. Hanna's view of himself and his mission was indicated in the effusive speech that he made at the glorification dinner given to him in Cleveland. In this deliverance he confided to the country the fact that two years ago Mr. McKinley said to him: "My friend, I trust you with my future and leave my honor in your hands." Considering what Gov. McKinley had been and was and what he hoped to be, this was one of the queerest trusts and most remarkable confidences on record.

"From that day," said the confidant and confiding Hanna, "began this campaign. It was rather quiet at first—what the boys are likely to call 'a still hunt'—but it is true that it had its birthday nearly two years ago." And he proceeded to gloat over the result of his delegate hunt, and boasted that he had returned the major's honor unsullied. How his own honor fared he did not think it worth while to say.

Imagine a confession like this concerning any man who was elected to the presidency in the first half century of the republic! Not the people's call, not prominent public service, not exalted character or conspicuous ability in statesmanship, but Mark Hanna's "still hunt" for two years, is what elevated William McKinley to the presidency, according to the man who boasts of it and who is put forward as "one of the main props" of the incoming administration!

Well may Mr. McKinley cry: "Heaven save me from my friends!" — N. Y. World.

TARIFF VIEWS OF REPUBLICANS.

Grasping Beneficiaries Who Want Protection.

"We want protection for our American industries," assert high tariff republicans.

"What the country needs is a revenue tariff law—one that will prevent a deficit," says Thomas B. Reed.

A petition has been presented to the finance committee of the senate by 55 out of 59 of the wool firms of Boston asking for the immediate passage of the Dingley bill as a measure of temporary relief, to "prevent the flooding of this country with foreign wools."

This coterie of patriots wants protection, not revenue. The relief it asks is for themselves, not for the nation. Senator Wilson, of Washington, is opposed to the Dingley bill. He says:

"We do not want a horizontal increase of the Wilson tariff rates. That would benefit eastern interests, which already have protection, but would do very little good for us in the west. We in that section want protection for wool, lumber, coal and lead."

With the general disagreement among republicans as to what kind of a tariff bill should be enacted, there appears to be a lovely fight ahead on the matter of duties on importations. The patriotism of the late campaign is already displaying itself in the grasping efforts of tariff beneficiaries to keep out all goods which would come in competition with their own regardless of the effect on the government.

This is patriotism with a vengeance. —Buffalo Times.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The McKinley administration will need an "ample revenue" to keep its ample promises. —St. Louis Republic.

The thousands who turn out to see Mr. Bryan every day indicate that his defeat did not lose to him his popularity. —Buffalo Times.

The fact is noted by the Rocky Mountain News that "English subsidies" aided McKinley in the late campaign. There is scant doubt about it. It was an English subsidy that secured the passage of the act of 1873 by which silver was demonetized. —Kansas City Times.

Hanna knows nothing of the higher politics or of the moral and intellectual influences which move the people. Without money he could not carry his own precinct. The only thing he does know in politics is boodle, boodle, boodle! And no cabinet can represent him or his methods without being a boodle cabinet. —N. Y. World.

IT LOOKS VERY STRANGE.

McKinley Elected by the People to Wipe Out McKinleyism.

"There is a most welcome moderation in the tone of leading republicans in congress regarding revenue legislation. If their present temper holds there would seem to be reason to hope that a substantially unanimous agreement may be reached as to the proper means of immediate relief. It is perhaps too early to predict the action of the republican majority in congress. The 'protected' monopolies will soon be clamoring for the equivalent of their campaign contributions, and an extra session may be forced upon the country. But there is growing a strong public sentiment against the revival of McKinleyism and against the disturbance of trade." —Boston Post.

It seems strange to read about a "strong public sentiment against the revival of McKinleyism" just after McKinley's triumphant election to the presidency, and yet there appears to be substantial justification for the sentiment. Still more strange does McKinley's case become in the New York Times' view of it when it says that he was, at the close of the campaign, "the champion of a policy which he had opposed for years, the only agent by whom abhorrent tendencies caused or stimulated by himself or the policies associated with his name could be met and overcome." That is, McKinley was elected by the people to wipe out McKinleyism and ward off threatening influences with which McKinley was for years in sympathy. This result was achieved, in the Times' opinion, through "a most curious sequence of events, the influence of delusions and the force of circumstances."

"It was, indeed, a 'most curious sequence of events' that operated to the selection, for the promotion of certain reforms, of a man utterly opposed to those reforms. Strange indeed is the combination of circumstances that conspired to this result. It is not to be wondered at if some apprehension is rife as to the possible failure of the plan to enforce certain policies through the agency of a president not in sympathy with those policies. A man who has been placed in a most important position in government through the 'influence of delusions' may, not unreasonably, be expected to startle the victims of those delusions. On the whole, it may be said that the McKinley administration promises to be full of interest for the students of government." —Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

POLITICAL IGNORANCE.

One of the More Prominent Features of Republicanism.

The republican press has had much to say of late about the debasing effect of ignorance on politics. Its express purpose is to make shallow people believe that ignorance is responsible for the millions of votes cast for the democratic party.

The Republic showed from the statistics of the census that, state for state, except in the south, the disadvantage of illiteracy was on the side of McKinley. It pointed out that in the southern states, where the percentage of illiteracy is enormous, the illiterate negro element belongs to the republican party. It called attention to the fact that the great cities, which the republican press itself has charged were hitherto democratic because of the large proportion of vicious voters, this year gave great republican majorities.

But now comes Senator Bill Chandler vociferously voicing a demand for the annexation of Hawaii, with its population of half and whole savages, and many republican organs are insisting that there shall be no restriction of immigration, because the foreign element is favorable to the gold standard and other republican policies and saved the day for the party in the recent contest.

This hypocritical policy is in keeping with the republican party's record. It denounced the foreign voters as ignorant paupers and anarchists as long as it thought the democratic party got their votes. The ignorant voters are the voters who do not vote the republican ticket. The favorite republican dictum is that the intelligence of the country ought to control, but, from its standpoint, intelligence is the ability to make and control millions, and hence the intelligence which ought to control the country is the money interests that can purchase the votes of the ignorant and depraved.

The republican party added millions of ignorant votes to the voting population solely because it believed they would perpetuate and extend the power of the party, and it is willing to do it again whenever the chance offers. —St. Louis Republic.

The rich manufacturers contributed liberally toward the running expenses of the campaign. Reasoning from the past they had good reason to hope that the accession of the republican party to power would be followed by a return to the good old McKinley tariff times. What more natural, therefore, than that they should begin at once a systematic agitation for another McKinley bill. They are simply following out a fundamental law of the protection school of finance—the more protection a given class receives, the more it wants; once favored by special legislation, it expects and demands always to be thus favored. —Detroit Free Press.

A return to the McKinley bill will be not only revolution but reaction. And it will be reaction against what is now the rapid extension of our foreign trade. —N. Y. World.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

A Goldbug Senator Admits Correctness of the Silverites' Contentions.

In the face of predictions made during the late campaign that if McKinley should be elected "confidence would be restored and general prosperity ensue," Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, in his speech to the Home Market club, of Boston, in reply to the question: "What can we do to bring prosperity in the west and regain the confidence of its people?" made the following reply:

The answer is not a difficult one to make. The Home Market club, as its name implies, is trying to build up a market in America for American-made goods. That is a worthy object. In its effort to this end it has favored a high protective tariff. In this connection we will not criticize the policy which the members of this club have favored and that is the single gold standard. The result of this policy, which has been attended with reduced prices for property and falling prices in all lines of staple products, has borne heavily on the west. It has checked its growth, paralyzed enterprise, and induced stagnation where activity should rule. The impoverishment of the people has followed.

Naturally this condition of affairs has been reflected in the east. The wheels of industry in the manufacturing states have ceased to revolve. There is no sale for the products. The great home markets of the west are not buying, and hence there is no profit in producing. This is the secret of the stagnation in the east.

What is the remedy? To increase the tariff? Evidently it makes little difference whether custom duties are high or low, so long as the people have no money with which to buy. The first thing necessary, then, is to establish a system of finance which will restore values to property, check the fall in prices and general activity in business out of which will come prosperity. Then with money in the pockets of its people the west will once more become a purchaser. The eastern factories will be run to their utmost capacity to turn out goods, because their home market has been restored.

In this manner alone can the east regain what Senator Hoar terms the confidence of the west. And for this the west voted in the late campaign and will continue to vote till it is regained and the righteousness of the silver cause vindicated and recognized.

Is it not strange that a gold bug United States senator should admit as correct the silverites' position, that nothing but a radical increase in our volume of money can stop the continual decline of all property values and increasing stagnation in business of all kinds? No tariff legislation can do it, because people can't buy without money and with present prices the people cannot pay the interest on what they already owe. —Southern Mercury.

PROSPERITY IMPOSSIBLE.

Present Conditions Forbid Any Great and General Business Activity.

Any hope of general prosperity in this country under existing conditions or conditions in prospect is as idle as a dream. Prosperity is the name of a certain state of business activity. It is that condition in which money is seeking investment in other forms of wealth because of the greater prospects of profits in having one's wealth in property than in money.

Regarded in the light of business forces all wealth may be divided into two classes: (1) Money or securities in terms of money; and (2) property, or equitable interests in property. If we use the word value in its true sense each of these forms of property is the measure of the other, for money is no more a measure of property value than property is a measure of money value. Price, on the other hand, is a measure of property by money.

The two forms of wealth stand in a reciprocal relation to each other as measures, each of the other's value. As a consequence, when one form is rising in value the other is falling, and vice versa.

Under present conditions we have what is termed a falling market; that is, properties and equitable interests in properties are going steadily down. No one who is the least observant pretends but that this is true. Leaving out of consideration the question: "What causes this movement?" what is bound to be its consequences? What will be the tendency of investments? Will people who have money, or securities expressed in fixed terms of money, seek to change the form of their possessions to property of equitable interests in property, or will the movement be directly the other way, and everybody, who is not now on the right side of the market, be seeking to dispose of their property; that is, to reduce it to the money form?

It does not require a philosopher nor a statesman to answer this question. If such is the general endeavor, and it is, the very essentials of prosperity, as defined above, are wanting. Such conditions do not and cannot produce prosperity. —Chicago Dispatch.

Contraction.

The national banks had circulating notes redeemed during the year to the amount of \$107,891,026.34. Oh, no, there was no contraction of the currency. This was the largest amount of any year in the last ten years, and with the exception of three years the largest since 1879. —Minneapolis Penny Press.

GOLD IN THE COUNTRY.

Not Half the Amount Claimed by Goldbugs to Be in Circulation Can Be Located.

The Boston Herald, in trying to demonstrate that there is more money in this country than is needed, states that on the first day of November, 1895, the amount of gold coin and gold certificates in circulation in this country was about \$640,000,000. The Boston Herald is doing a great injustice to the people of the United States by not telling them where this great amount of gold is concealed or hidden. Comptroller Eckels has evidently not been able to find it, and he did not know of anyone in the United States who has been able to intelligently locate that amount, or anywhere near that amount.

The truth of the matter is, the Boston Herald is either woefully ignorant, or else is doing some downright lying about this fabulous amount of gold being in circulation.

A little while ago the comptroller made a hunt for the amount of gold held in reserve by all the financial institutions in the United States. As a result of the hunt it was found that there probably was about \$190,000,000 of gold held in reserve by every banking institution of every name and description in the country. If we add to this the amount of gold in the treasury on November 1—\$124,000,000—it would make a total of \$314,000,000. Will the Boston Herald, or some other goldbug, explain where the balance of this gold is to be found? It is quite important to the people of the United States that it should be located somewhere, because the difference in the circulating medium per capita would amount to about four dollars for each person in the union. Will the Boston Herald undertake to say that over \$511,000,000 of gold is hoarded?

The people on the Pacific slope use gold as a circulating medium, but the amount in circulation there, added to the amount found in Montana, Idaho, Nevada and Colorado, would probably not exceed \$15,000,000; that is to say, the amount of gold in the pockets of the people in these western states for practical use, outside of the banks, would not exceed that amount. Now it is not probable that \$50,000,000 of gold is hoarded, or has gone into hiding east of the Rocky mountains; but if you add to the \$15,000,000 another \$50,000,000 for the total amount hoarded in the east, then the total gold that would be accounted for in the United States would be \$379,000,000, as follows:

Amount of gold held by all banking institutions in the United States, about.....	\$190,000,000
Amount in treasury November 1, 124,000,000	
Amount of gold hoarded in the United States and in use.....	65,000,000
Total.....	\$379,000,000

If the Boston Herald or any other goldbug newspaper can intelligently account for more gold, it is certainly their duty to the public to give the information. —Denver Times-Sun.

AGITATION.

Capital Is Not Waiting Merely for a Cessation of Silver Discussion.

A few people—mostly brokers of one kind or another—are urging the proposition that, now that the election is over, the free silver advocates ought to cease laboring for bimetalism, in order to pacify the monometallists of New York and elsewhere. These brokers evidently hope that a cessation of agitation would soon calm these moneyed gentlemen and get them into such a comfortable frame of mind that they would condescend to loan money in what they call the "undesirable Bryan states."

If these brokers were right in their supposition that more loans might be secured—and they are probably not—the thrift which would follow fawning in this case could be but a poor and paltry substitute for the increase which must come as a result of honest, manly effort in the right direction.

The proposition of the bimetalists is conceded to be correct by the ablest thinkers on the subject in the world. Its adoption would be best, not alone for the people of the silver and gold-producing states, but for all the states. When the voters once thoroughly understand the subject it will be adopted.

Let the doctrine be preached and discussed by our newspapers and public men, and let the question be agitated on every reasonable occasion. No investments would be made in Colorado and other states because our people ceased to agitate for free silver. They will be made whenever and wherever there are reasonable prospects of large profits, and if these are found no amount of silver agitation will keep investors away when there are investors anywhere. —Denver Times-Sun.

Unequal Distribution.

The nation has increased in wealth enormously in the last 20 years. The question is, has it been equitably distributed among those who produce it? Statistics show that the increase in wealth in New York has been equal to that of 11 of the best states in the union. —St. Louis Journal of Agriculture.

Ask England.

The secretary of the treasury is said to be in a quandary as to whether he should coin more copper cents or not. He might ask Mr. Hanna or try and fix up some international agreement. —Denver Times-Sun.

Be Straight Out for Silver.

Don't let any man say that you have a "yellow streak" in your composition. —Philadelphia Item.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"I say, do you think that Wiggins is a man to be trusted?" "Trusted? Yes; rather. Why, I'd trust him with my life." "Yes; but with anything of value, I mean." —Tit-Bits.

—Reformer—"Mr. Grabbe, we can count on you to vote in favor of this bill to prevent bribery in the council, can't we?" Alderman—"Well, er—what is the inducement?" —Harlem Life.

—His Recollection—"Willie, what was the preacher's text?" "Somethin' about havin' faith like a grain of some kind of seed, an' sayin' to the mountain 'git a move on you!' an' it'll git." —Chicago Tribune.

—"So you have gone into the white-washing and fence-painting business, have you, Uncle Christopher?" "Yes, sah; an' when you want anything in my line you'll find my studio at No. 44 Strawberry alley." —Harper's Bazar.

—Father—"Wait a year, my son, and you may feel very different." Son (confidently)—"I've tested my love for Miss Higgins thoroughly, and I know it cannot change. I've played golf with her, and I still want her for my wife." —Household Words.

—Apprehension—"Dear me!" said Willie Griggs, "I hope that chrysanthemums won't go out of fashion all of a sudden, as they threaten to do." "What difference does that make?" "If I take mine off now I know I shall take cold!" —Washington Star.

—The Mother—"Willie, I am sorry to learn that you ran your little wagon over one of the boys next door and hurt him." The Urchin—"It wasn't my fault. I told him to get out of the way. My wagon's got 'United States Mail' printed on both sides of it, and it doesn't have to stop for nobody." —Chicago Tribune.

BARBERS IN INDIA.

Men Sit Comfortably on Their Home Verandas to Be Shaved.

The barber of India is a man of much importance. He has no shop and does not solicit customers by signs or symbols. The Hindoo barber is a man of few words. His principle is a silent tongue and strict attention to business. If the tourist in India observes closely the stream of life seen on the streets, he will now and then notice a man of quiet demeanor strolling along near the bazars, carrying a small bag or a rolled-up bundle under his arm, apparently not very solicitous of the attention of the passers-by. This is the Hindoo barber. He does not, like his Chinese compeer, ring a bell or utter any cry. Quietly he goes along, more like a philosopher than a shaver of men. But, despite the fact that he has no shop and lacks pomp, he, however, holds a distinguished position among his countrymen.

The Hindoo barber visits certain families regularly every morning. The servant announces his presence and he comes in with a salnam and a "morning habit." You sit down comfortably out on the veranda. The barber unrolls his little bundle, displaying two or three razors, a pair of scissors, a small iron instrument to cut the nails, a piece of leather for stropping and a little brass cup, which he fills with cold water—hot water is rarely used. He carries no brush for lathering the face. After stropping the razor he wets your face and commences his shaving operations. A few light touches of the razor, hardly felt, and the whole thing is done in less time than it takes to tell it. After shaving he rubs the palm of his hand over your face two or three minutes. In this manner he polishes your face to such a degree that you are surprised when you look in the glass; in fact, your own face would make a fairly good looking glass for some other person.

For his daily services he receives 75 cents a month. A single shave is one cent, and the charge for hair-cutting is from two to four cents.

The barber is also the village surgeon. He performs the bleeding, cupping, and undertakes surgical operations. It is he who bores the girls' ears and noses for putting in rings. Where there are no professional match-makers, the barber acts as a go-between in marriages. No religious rite can be performed without the presence of the family barber. At the birth of a child the barber carries the good news to the relatives of the family. He plays an important part at a wedding, it being his duty to dress the groom. On the occasion of a funeral the barber shaves the heads of the living and the dead. So great is his power and influence in religious ceremonies that a Hindoo mourner is not considered clean until he is touched by a barber. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Chapped Skin in Warm Countries.

Travelers in Africa tell of a custom almost universal among the natives—that of anointing the body with oil. At first thought—especially to those who have never been in Africa—it seems a dirty habit. It seems, however, that the Africans use the oil to prevent chapping of the skin. The hot winds of the Nile region will chafe as badly as the "norther" of the colder climates, and it is not an uncommon thing—if something is not done to prevent it—for the skin to crack open until the blood flows. —Chicago Times-Herald.

In the Near Future.

Mrs. Jones—I can let you have a pair of old shoes.

The Tramp—"T'anks, lady, an' mebbe yer have an old wheel wot yer don't want. Yer kin see dat me machine is all wore out." —N. Y. World.

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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LATE STATE NEWS.

Gilbert Saylor is on trial at Pineville for triple murder.

The whisky men won at the local option contest at Morehead.

Lexington wants a curfew law to stop the roaming of robbers at night.

A free school in agriculture has been established at the State college at Lexington.

Laughlin, the Bracken county murderer, was hanged at Brookville last Saturday.

There will probably be a Mormon church established at Rose Hill, Mercer county.

The car stables and eight cars of the Owensboro electric road were destroyed by fire.

The city council of Catlettsburg has passed the curfew ordinance, and the small boys are kicking about it.

Brookstown, Madison county, is without a single girl. Every girl old enough to be a bride was married during the holidays.

The tobacco barn, with its contents, belonging to John Barber, of Sandy Hook, was burned. Loss \$1,500, with no insurance.

James Wilson, a cripple, was found half frozen in an alley in Louisville, lying beside a smoldering fire built of his crutches.

A heavy wind lifted a portion of the roof off 'Squire Yeiser's' barn, near Danville. The slice was 40 feet wide and 135 feet long.

A Chicago photographer will spend several weeks at Mammoth cave experimenting with flash lights to take interior views of the renowned cavern.

Eli Coleman, a prominent farmer of the Corinth, Robertson county, neighborhood, was found murdered in his barn. His body was fearfully mutilated.

An enterprising ground hog stole a Louisville policeman's Sunday shirt, and then took a piece out of the policeman's arm when he tried to reclaim the garment.

Mrs. John Mock, of Millersburg, has a child's bureau, made by her grandfather, Joel Howard, nearly 100 years ago. The bureau is made of cherry and is in a good state of preservation.

Mark & Muse, of Morehead, will establish an immense stove mill at that place immediately in connection with eastern parties, who will place the output of the plant largely for export.

A man harnessed as a horse and drawing his wife, six children and household effects in a wagon, passed through Louisville the other day en route to Nashville, Tenn. They were from Ohio.

A Paducah merchant discovered two sharps in his store trying to rob a farmer. He sailed in and knocked both the sharps down and out. He saved the farmer, but almost broke his fist.

A surrey, in which were John Huggins, his wife and 15-year-old daughter, was run into by a R., N., I. & B. train, near Nicholasville, and demolished. The people and horse escaped serious injury.

Investigation will soon be made by an expert in the Kinniconnick country, Greenup county, to develop the truth or error of a long-cherished theory of local clay workers that there is a paying vein of fine kaolin in the mountains that skirt the narrow creek valley.

The Paris News in noticing the sale of the Kentucky Midland road says: "Receiver George B. Harper says that the road was bought by a committee of persons who own Kentucky Midland bonds. It is possible that the bondholders will extend the road to Mt. Sterling in the future and connect at that point with a coal road running to Frenchburg."

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago. 23-48.

Retired Car Horses and Mules.

I read in The Sun the other day a "Sunbeam" about a mule down south that had been driven on a street railroad and sold, and that wouldn't go unless there was a bell tied to its collar.

I heard of a somewhat similar case, once, around here. There are a good many retired car horses around New York—not so many now as there used to be, but quite a lot yet—disabled for car service but fit for other uses, and sold to farmers and others. This was a farmer that owned this horse, and it was not vicious, or anything of that sort, but every now and then it would stop, as it had been accustomed with the horse car, and it was hard work to get it started again.

"Been driven on a horse car, hain't he?" asked a neighbor one day.

"Yes," said the farmer.

"Well, why don't you try the bell on him?" said the neighbor.

And the farmer did. He put a gong on the dashboard of the wagon, and when the horse stopped the farmer would give him the old signal on the gong, and the horse would start up as promptly as could be. After awhile the farmer began giving him the signal to stop, too; and after that he never said "ghedep" or "whoa" to him, but he started and stopped him by signals only, and the old horse never went back on them.—Jupiter, in New York Sun.

A Proud Record.

"Who was that 'Squire Huxtable that died last week?" asked the caller at the newspaper office.

"He was a man," responded the editor of the Perkins Junction Palladium, "who had taken this paper nineteen years, always paid for it in advance, never expected me to make a local item about it when he put a new roof on his barn or sold his pork, when he came in to ask me a question never began by saying 'an editor is supposed to know everything,' always sent a \$2 bill with the wedding notice whenever any of his family got married, and never had an idea he could run my paper better than I could."—Chicago Tribune.

Couldn't Swallow the Whale Story.

Rev. Henry W. Pinkham, pastor of a Baptist church at Bridgeport, Conn., recently preached a sermon about Jonah, in which he took the stand that the whale did not swallow the prophet. Now, he is going to resign because his congregation says the Bible says the whale did swallow Jonah, and there it must be true. Rev. Pinkham became prominent some months ago, when one Sunday morning he placed on his reading desk a kettle of beer, which he said he had bought on his way to church.

To Cure Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

REMARKABLE HISTORY.

Of the Scaffold on Which Laughlin Was Hanged.

The scaffold on which Robert Laughlin was hanged at Brookville has a remarkable history. It was invented by Edward Fraught, a superior mechanic of Lexington, in 1879. The first man hanged on this implement of death was Isaac Turner in 1880. He was a young negro of this county and killed his mother's paramour because he abused her. The next hanging was that of John Bush, colored, who killed Miss Van Meter, of this county. Then followed the hanging of Dan Timberlake, a negro of this county, who was convicted of assault on a girl nine years old. This was in 1886. The same year the scaffold was shipped to Mayville, where it carried into eternity a negro named John Bulger, who killed an officer.

It was then shipped to Morehead that year, and used in the double execution of William Neal and William Craft, the Ashland demons, who murdered a family and then cremated them, and the terrible crime was followed by the lynching of their confederate, Ellis, and the killing by the state guard of between 15 and 20 men, women and children while trying to protect the murderers from a mob. It was brought back to Lexington, and on September 30, 1887, was used in the execution of Tuck Agee, a white man who murdered his brother-in-law. For two years it remained idle, but on September 27, 1889, the now famous gallows was in the jail yard in Paris, and from its crosspiece dangled the lifeless body of Pat Hunt, who killed young Thomas on account of a scandal involving Hunt's wife.

A month later the gallows was used in hanging Ambrose Miller, colored, at Georgetown, for killing a white citizen. It again came back to Lexington to avenge murder, this time a double one, for it was used on February 20, 1890, in the execution of Tom O'Brien, the well known sporting man of Lexington, who was convicted of murdering his wife and unborn child.

It was shipped to Owingsville, where on October 29, 1892, Austin Jones, colored, was hanged. It was used in hanging Henry Mitchell Smith colored, who committed an assault on an aged woman, Mrs. Mary Hudson, in 1895.

Laughlin was the thirteenth victim. Mr. Fraught has set the gallows up every time it has been used. He thinks it will be used to hang Jackson and Walling for the murder of Pearl Bryan at Newport.—Lexington Herald.

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Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act easily, yet promptly. 25c.

Lee City.

Lee City is a beautiful little town, located in the eastern part of Wolfe county, about 15 miles from Campton, the county seat, about 10 miles from Hazel Green and 14 miles from Jackson, in the beautiful and fertile valley of Red river, one the best farming sections in Eastern Kentucky, or as good as they have anywhere in the state, the famous blue grass not excepted. The town has two stores, doing a good business, J. T. Day & Co., and Fallen & Allen. It has one very good church and the best public school building in the county, and has a good school in session now, which is being conducted by Miss Ida Rose, who is doing excellent work. The people are a moral, sober and business class of people who take interest in education and business enterprises. Lee City is located on the proposed

line of railroad to the Caney coal field about which there has been so much said. In the event the road is built, about which there is but little doubt, this will be a very great business point, as it will be the nearest point for a large section of country and it is one of the finest timbered sections in the state. The land also contains many fine veins of coal. Taking it all under consideration, in the near future it will be one of the business points in Eastern Kentucky.—Jackson Hustler.



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